

Ex-CBI Roundup

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA



OCTOBER
1958





Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault as a major general

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editors . . .

• Both of us attended the 11th Annual CBI Reunion at Cincinnati and it was a wonderful affair, as usual. Our congratulations to the Cincinnati Basha for a splendid job. A large crowd attended, of course. We missed some of the old gang who rarely fail to make a Reunion.

• The two summer months' "breathing spell" has enabled us to stockpile many good articles and photos for use in coming issues. We are always in need of CBI stories and pictures and readers are urged and encouraged to continue sending material to the editors.

• A tribute to the late Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault appears on the cover of this issue. It is a cartoon by Frank Miller, entitled "The Flying Tiger," which was featured in the Des Moines (Iowa) Register the day after General Chennault's death.

• We are always grateful to those who continually pass along back copies of Roundup to CBI-ers who, until now, have never heard of the magazine. It is through this word-of-mouth advertising that we have been able to stay in business for nearly 12 years.

• Just to prove that we aren't getting any younger, we noted a recent newspaper article which, among other things, estimated that 11 percent of America's World War II veterans have passed away since 1946. This figure seems rather high, since most of us were pretty young back in the war days. But seldom does a week pass that we don't learn of the death of a CBI-er. If the newspaper article is correct, about 33,000 men and women of CBI have succumbed in the past 12 years.

OCTOBER, 1958



One Man's Opinion

• The reason I let my subscription lapse in the past was that I was ashamed for it. It was insidiously red and worse. It was out looking for anti-Semitism where none existed. However I'll try it again and look at pictures of draft dodgers within the service bragging about the war they fit and had pictures taken of every move they made.

G. M. MAHADY,
Carbondale, Pa.

Watch your blood pressure, son!—Eds.

Old CBI Days

• Spend a lot of time rehashing the old days with many buddies in our CBI Basha in the Metropolitan Area of New York City. Spend much more time sitting in with your Ex-CBI Roundup, recalling places, and events. If there is ever any payment in the hereafter, you fellas should be inside the gate with St. Peter by express elevator.

WALTER A. HEINTZ,
Staten Island, N. Y.

China Bombshell

• Looks like that "Betrayal in China" story (March) set off a bombshell among CBI-ers. I've been reading the comment from subscribers in the last several issues and had my own opinions and doubts. But Joseph March's letter in the July issue, complimenting the story's author should prove something: He was there. There was plenty of reason to distrust Chiang during the war, as General Stilwell told Washington. The high brass either didn't want to believe it or had their good reasons for wanting to appease Chiang. You may hear from more men of Det. 101.

CHARLES PEPER,
Atlantic City, N. J.



BUILDING AN AIRFIELD at Liangshan, China, "human horses" in the form of Chinese coolies are used to pull the heavy roller in foreground. Man in center with parasol is in charge of the crew. U. S. Army photo.

Two Years in CBI

• I spent more than two years in CBI and was C.O. of the 775th Engineers. Naturally there are some memories. God willing I'll be at the next convention.

HUGH C. ADAMS,
Bakersfield, Calif.

Upper Assam

• Enclosed find renewal for my son, Al Heyer Jr., Rt. 1, Cuba, Mo. He was in Upper Assam in 1945-46 with 191st Signal Repair outfit. Flew the Hump to Bhamo—the third load after two had crashed. He'd be glad to hear from buddies.

MRS. A. J. HEYER SR.,
Cuba, Mo.

Signal Reunion Held

• The 127 Signal Radio Intelligence Company held its first reunion in Chicago July 6-7. Next reunion is to be in Pittsburgh, Pa., in August 1960. I am trying to complete an up-to-date mailing list and need about 50 names. All former members contact me.

GEO. E. WALZ,
1703 S. Central Avenue
Burlington, Iowa

Sari Wrapping

• You couldn't have selected a more timely feature for your July issue than "How to Wrap a Sari." At least as far as I am concerned. We hope to make the convention at Cincinnati and knowing how to wrap a sari will come in handy on Puja night. My sari won't be as gay colored as Miss Vira's, however.

Mrs. CLOYD SMITHERS,
Casper, Wyo.

Administration Building

• The picture on page 4 of the July 1958 issue was not the administration building of the 112th Station Hospital . . . it was the wards for female and civilian patients. I was a member of the 112th, later designated the 263rd General Hospital and subsequently the 142nd General Hospital. Being a member of all three units I would like to send you a REAL picture of our administration building. I was a member of these units for 30 months, working in the detachment office as company clerk and later as first sergeant. I would like to hear from any of my old buddies.

CHARLES L.
BURCHETTE JR.
1033 Watson Avenue
Winston-Salem, N. C.

See picture of building
below.—Eds.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING of 112th Station Hospital, Calcutta, India. See letter on this page from Charles L. Burchette Jr.



THE INFAMOUS "Black Hole of Calcutta" is now enclosed in an iron fence and covered with a concrete slab. Of 146 Europeans reputedly confined in this dungeon on the night of June 20, 1756, it is said that 123 died from heat and lack of air. Photo by Dennis J. Loughman.

Iowa in 1960

• Midwest CBI veterans, especially those from Iowa, should be pleased to know that the 1960 National CBIVA Reunion will be held in Cedar Rapids (Iowa's leading convention city) and that Leo Miner of that city has been appointed reunion chairman.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Ohio Officers

• The Ohio State Basha of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association met June 29 at Columbus, Ohio, for an outdoor roast and election of officers for the next year. The meeting was attended by delegates from the Toledo, Cincinnati and Columbus Bashas, and the following were elected to serve starting in November: William G. Eynon Jr., Cincinnati, State Commander; Robert M. Dunbar, Columbus, Senior Vice Commander; Harold Byrne, Toledo, Junior Vice Commander; Burl Ratliff, Cincinnati, Adjutant and Finance Officer; Richard Poppe, Cincinnati, Judge Advocate; John Thomas, Columbus, Provost Marshal; Edward Stipes, Toledo, Public Relations

Officer; Francis Oberhauser, Toledo, Service Officer and Chaplain; and Cleopha Merritt, Columbus, Historian.

EDWARD STIPES,
Toledo, Ohio

Seattle Basha

• Readers will be interested to know that the local Basha in Seattle, the Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer Basha, is being reactivated. We are meeting periodically and local CBI'ers may contact me for time and place of meeting. Local officers will be elected at a meeting sometime after the National Reunion in Cincinnati. Our recent meeting brought back many memories of the "good old" CBI days, and we all are enthusiastic about having the 1961 (or '62) Reunion in Seattle during the 1961-62 Seattle World's Fair.

LEE BAKKER,
621-12th Avenue North
Seattle 2, Wash.

Antiaircraft Outfit

• My antiaircraft outfit, the 484th AAA Bn., was stationed at Mohanbari prior to moving on to Lashio, Burma.

J. N. DOWDING,
San Francisco, Calif.

Signal Company

• Was with the 1111th Signal Company in Dinjan, India, 1943-45. Now married, three children—two boys and a girl. Am in the grocery business. Still in Reserves; first sergeant 832nd Signal Company. My Exec. is also CBI man. Laid crossings at Gahauti. Not too many of us around these parts. Would like to exchange greetings with my old outfit.

BOB BUNKER,
Newport, Maine

Colonel Buckley Dies

• Col. Harold R. Buckley, 62, pioneer airman and Hollywood film writer, died in June at Rigby, Ida., where he had gone on a gold mining expedition. As a fighter pilot in France in World War I, he became an ace by destroying five enemy planes and won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre. Following the war he entered the diplomatic corps and made a trip to Russia as a special aide to President Hoover for the American Relief Association. He later represented the State Department in Paris, Vienna, Cuba and India. After engaging in newspaper work he became a screen writer, his most noted script having been for "Test Pilot" which starred Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy. During World War II he served as an intelligence officer with General Stilwell in CBI, and following the war spent several years working with UNRRA.

ABRAHAM A. KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Career of a Fighter Completed

Gen. C. L. Chennault Dies

By the Associated Press

Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, 67, whose Flying Tigers helped sweep Japanese aircraft from China skies during World War II, died July 27 after a long battle with cancer.

Death came to the leathery-faced flying leader two weeks after Representative F. Edward Hebert (Dem., La.) sped a bill through congress making Chennault a lieutenant general.



GENERAL CHENNAULT at a top-level conference in Egypt during World War II. U. S. Army Photo.

It received unanimous approval in both houses July 18, and was signed by President Eisenhower that night.

Since his return from Formosa in February, Chennault had been receiving treatment at Ochsner Foundation Hospital in New Orleans, La., for lung cancer.

The general was reported in better spirits after the July 11 visit of long-time friend, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and the bedside reunion of his six sons and two daughters, their first in 21 years.

At that time, Chennault showed the spirit that earned him the title as Japan's No. 1 "war criminal" by raising a glass of beer and toasting:

"Here's to you all, I'm grounded temporarily but I'll be at your next reunion in 1960."

However, by the following week Chennault's condition had turned for the worse.

Chennault first went to China in 1937 at the invitation of Mme. Chiang to start training Chinese pilots and keep Chinese planes in the air.

Mme. Chiang called Chennault irreplacable.

"He gave his heart, his personality and his affection for my people," she said after her reunion with the ailing general.

He was idolized by the Chinese, who called him "Old Leather-Face."

In 1941, Chennault suggested the formation of a force of volunteers to fly for China. The American volunteer group, which later flew under the banner of the Flying Tigers, was formed in July, 1941.

With sharks' teeth painted on the snouts of their antiquated planes, this small band of flyers scored phenomenal success against over-powering odds.

The Flying Tigers were credited with destroying 285 Japanese planes for certain, in seven months, at a cost of only 15 Americans killed or missing.

Seven months after the Flying Tigers went into operation, the group was absorbed into the United States Army Air Force and Chennault took command of air forces in China.

In March, 1943, Chennault was made a major general, acting as head of the 14th Air Corps and chief of staff of the Chinese Air Force.

The 14th Air Force destroyed 928 Japanese planes, probably destroyed 345 more and damaged 482, killed an estimated 20,000 Japanese soldiers, knocked

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

out 1,000 motor vehicles and sank many ships.

Chennault announced his retirement from the service one month before Japan surrendered Aug. 14, 1945.

However, he stayed on with the Nationalist Chinese and became chairman of the board of Civil Air Transport, a privately operated airlines operating out of Taipei, Formosa.

His fliers played a prominent part in Indochina when the Communist-led Vietminh forces besieged the French bastion of Dien Bien Phu in 1954.

Twenty-six American civilian pilots flew over the French fortress repeatedly to make airdrops of supplies and ammunition until the fortress finally fell.

Chennault won numerous military decorations from the American government and also was cited by the Chinese and British for services rendered while head of the Flying Tigers.

Born at Commerce, Tex., but reared in Louisiana, he quit his job as a school principal to enter the infantry in 1917.

He served in the aviation section of the signal corps during World War 1.

He rejoined the regular army a few months after his discharge in 1920. During the 1930s, he led the "Three Men on a Flying Trapeze," an air show group whose favorite trick was to tie their planes together with a string, perform intricate maneuvers and return without having broken the string.

Chennault is survived by his second wife, Chinese-born Mrs. Anna Chan Chennault, and their two daughters, Anna Claire, 10, and Cynthia Louise, 8.

Other survivors include eight children by his first wife, Mrs. Nell Thomas Chennault of Waterproof, La., and three brothers.

—THE END

"Old China Hands" Meet In San Francisco, Calif.

More than 100 "old China hands" gathered in San Francisco, Calif., August 7 to 9 for the 11th annual convention and reunion of the 14th Air Force Association.

Missing from the three-day event was the famed leader of the "Flying Tigers," Lt. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, who died a few weeks earlier in his native Louisiana. His widow was present, however, when a bust of General Chennault was presented to the Air Force Academy.

The president of the 14th Air Force Association, A. C. Nowak, a former major and once Chennault's personal pilot, told those in attendance that the 14th Air Force Scholarship Fund has been renamed for General Chennault.

Lt. Gen. Charles B. Stone (Ret.), former commanding general of the 14th, was among those attending the convention.

Air Force Renames Base For General Chennault

The Air Force announced recently in Washington, D. C., that the Lake Charles Air Force Base in Louisiana will be renamed in memory of the late Lt. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, effective Nov. 1.

General Chennault, a native of Louisiana, died July 27.

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P. O. Box 188 Laurens, Iowa



SHARK-NOSED P-40 planes like this one, flown by General Chennault's Flying Tigers, made a smashing contribution to victory in the Pacific. Photo by Dennis Loughman.

Another CBI Reunion Over

IF YOU MISSED the CBI Reunion in Cincinnati, August 14-16, you missed a grand three-day festival!

The hard-working men and women of Cincinnati's CBIVA Basha, under the leadership of Chairman Bill Eynon, did a superb job of planning a top-notch program.

One of the bright spots of the Reunion was the increased number of Basha "Hospitality Rooms" which (if you've never attended a reunion) are a rendezvous for delegates when nothing else is going on. Time was when these Hospitality Rooms were rest havens for the weary, with perhaps a bottle or two of the fluid that cheers being served. Then, as competition from other Bashas set in, the rooms became larger and larger, serving more and more varieties of refreshments.

Hundreds of delegates, wives, and even the kids turned out in colorful costume for the Puja Night parade through Cincinnati's business district Friday evening. The event was covered by local television and the newspapers. Prizes for the best costumes were awarded at the dance which followed.

Newly elected and appointed CBI Veterans Association officers for the coming year are: **Robert Doucette**, Wauwatosa, Wis., National Commander; **Harold H. Kretchmar**, Maplewood, Mo., Senior Vice Commander; **Hal Reinholt**, Philadelphia, Pa., Junior Vice Commander East; **William Leichsenring**, Amana, Iowa, Junior Vice Commander West; **R. W. Adams**, Jefferson, Wis., Junior Vice Commander North; **Manly V. Keith**, Hous-

ton Texas, Junior Vice Commander South; **Eugene R. Brauer**, Brookfield, Wis., Adjutant and Finance Officer; **Samuel Leo Meranda**, Milwaukee, Wis., Judge Advocate; **George L. Marquardt**, Chesterton, Ind., Provost Marshal; **Mae Bissell**, Oakland, Calif., Historian; **William G. Eynon Jr.**, Cincinnati, Ohio, Public Relations Officer; **William Martienssen**, Detroit, Mich., Service Officer; **Rev. Edward R. Glavin**, Albany, N. Y., Chaplain; **Dr. J. J. Kazar**, Tchula, Miss., Surgeon General; and **John Z. Dawson**, Hamtramck, Mich., Immediate Past Commander.

The annual Commander's Banquet and Dance on Saturday night was an outstanding achievement in perfection. A feast, served buffet style, was prepared before a backdrop of "CBI" letters carved in huge cakes of ice, floodlighted in red, white and blue. An Americanism award was presented at the banquet to Harry L. Olden, Cincinnati civic leader, and a citation for service was presented to Past Commander Lester J. Dencker of Milwaukee.

Among other features of the Reunion were a tour of the Proctor & Gamble plant, moonlight cruise on the Ohio River with music and dancing, trip to Coney Island Amusement Park, and a memorial service.

The Reunion was well attended, with delegates present from 32 states.

Next year's Reunion will be at Philadelphia, under sponsorship of the Delaware Valley Basha. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has been selected as the site of the 1960 Reunion, the program of which will include a tour of the Amana Colonies.—THE END

CBI Family Fun



CINCINNATI REUNION PICTURES taken by Gene Brauer include the following: Upper left—Men winners in the Puja contest were George Marquardt, Chesterton, Ind.; Ray Thiede, Chicago, Ill.; and John Carlson, Northfield, Ill. Center—Women winners were Dorothy Geiger, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Naomi Nilsen, Elm Grove, Wis.; and Mrs. John Carlson, Northfield, Ill. Upper right—That's Van Loughman of Waynesburg, Pa., sounding the trumpet as Dan Doucette of Wauwatosa, Wis.; Miss Hartline of Dongola, Ill.; Diane and Dave Doucette of Wauwatosa look on. Second row, left—Second Troop Carrier personnel get together aboard the Johnson party boat during the Ohio River cruise. Right—Dick Poppe and Bill Eynon, extreme left, shown with members of the Philadelphia group in their hospitality room. Third row, left—Among these Puja Night celebrants are Harold Kretchmar, St. Louis, Mo.; Paul Edwards, Indianapolis, Ind.; John Dawson, Detroit, Mich.; and Vinton Vesta, DeKalb, Ill. Right—This shot includes Red Adams of Jefferson, Wis., out in front; Bob Doucette of Wauwatosa, Wis.; Joe Nivert of Youngstown, Ohio; Hal Reinholt of Philadelphia, Pa., behind moustache and under camouflaged tent; and Neil Maurer of Laurens, Iowa. Lower left—The gals dress up on Puja Night, too. Right—And so do the youngsters.



OCTOBER, 1958

CBIVA Offices Dedicated

It was a day, the memory of which will long remain in our lives. This would express the sentiment of those 250 CBI veterans and wives from seven states who participated in the Dedication Day ceremonies marking the official opening of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association national headquarters offices in the Milwaukee War Memorial Center, June 21.

A flag draped Memorial Center, and the booming sound of martial music greeted the first arriving veterans. The 60-piece youth band of the Craig Schlosser American Legion post and the Ochs House of Music, gave an hour long concert preceding the call to colors and the dramatic flag raising ceremonies.

"A dream that became a reality," was the way the first national commander, Lester J. Dencker, Milwaukee, worded his greeting to the assembled crowd. His expression was repeated by Commander John Z. Dawson, Detroit, and Past Commanders Bob R. Bolender, Normal, Ill., Charles Mitchell, Kalamazoo, Mich., and William R. Ziegler, Houma, La. All played a major role in the dedication ceremonies.

In the memorial service that followed, Fr. Edward R. Glavin, Albany, N. Y., noted that the names engraved in marble at the memorial fountain, included that of the chaplain he replaced while with the Marauders. He paid special tribute to the late Gen. Richard Smykal, Wheaton, Ill., whose wife, Helen, and family, were in attendance. A wreath of poppies was placed at the fountain by Commander Dawson. The Corp. Henry Schaefer VFW post presented a firing squad salute.

As the ribbon ceremony was completed, hundreds of visitors and guests passed through the CBIVA offices. They marveled at the huge white topped desk and credenza which was banked by a huge spray of white gladioli and red carnations—sparkling in the sunlight coming in through the huge picture windows that overlook Lake Michigan.

An extra long charcoal colored sofa stood beneath a huge replica of the CBI emblem. Banking each side were black and white tiled end tables each supporting huge oriental figured lamps and a yellow chrysanthemum plant. Two white cushioned Danish style chairs stood in the corners and other gayly colored chairs surrounded the room. A table containing a register book was banked by a huge spray of flowers and two smaller clusters.

On the walls were recently framed pictures, three of which were returned

from India and the fourth an original painting of the old Burrah Club in Calcutta, contributed by Lawrence Schoenrock of Menasha, Wis.

The veterans then retired to Hainers Lounge for a social hour and fresh Louisiana shrimp brought along by Ziegler and his Houma, La. guests, Charlie Messman and D. P. Vait.

A delicious banquet followed in the evening and guests heard from Milwaukee Mayor Frank P. Zeidler, T. T. Ling, consul general from the Embassy of China, and Lt. Col. Mohammed Ameer Khan, an attache of the Pakistan embassy. Music by the Johnny Cupertino orchestra and refreshments climaxed a day to remember.

Congratulations

Congratulatory messages by the score were received upon the dedication of CBIVA national headquarters offices. These included special messages from President Eisenhower; Wisconsin's Governor Thomson; Val Peterson, ambassador to Denmark; Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, and various Congressmen. There were also messages from various veterans' organizations and from the membership of CBIVA itself.

There is one however which we consider most prominent. It is a special greeting from Madame Chiang Kai-shek. In part her message was this:

"May I pay a tribute through you to those gallant men who have laid down their lives in the CBI theater so that we may live in freedom and peace? To me, the new premises, the opening of which you are celebrating today, will always stand not only as a symbol of the traditional friendship and understanding between the Chinese and American peoples, but also as a symbol of the high ideals which we value more than our lives.

"Today our common ideals are once again being imperiled by the forces of aggression which seek to enslave the human race body and soul. Although we are faced with a challenge greater than any we had previously encountered, I feel confident that so long as the free world displays the same courage and unity of purpose as were demonstrated by the veterans of the CBI theater, the evil schemes of our enemies can be defeated and the principles and ideals which we hold so dear can be preserved.

"Please convey my cordial greetings to all members of the CBI Veterans Association on this memorable day."



Camera Records Dedication Highlights

THE STARS AND STRIPES waved gently in the breeze (lower right) as Milwaukee Basha members Joseph Pohorsky and Eli Ostoich raised the flag during the recent dedication of the National CBIVVA headquarters in Milwaukee. Framed in the background are the flag-draped memorial center, the Craig Schlosser Youth Band color guard, and many of the CBI visitors and guests. Charles A. Mitchell, past National Commander from Kalamazoo, Mich., is shown (top left) as he officially opened the offices. He was assisted by Commander John Z. Dawson, Detroit. In the background are William Mathiessen, Robert Fenn and John Meyer, Chicago Basha members, and Lester Dencker, Milwaukee. National Commander John Z. Dawson and National Adjutant Gene R. Brauer scan the special Dedication Day souvenir program (upper right). Of course, they posed for this picture so that CBI veterans could see the new furnishings of the headquarters. The closed blinds hide from view the waters of Lake Michigan. A huge, colorful CBI emblem (lower left) overlooks the furnishings of the headquarters offices.

Clager Meets the Man Who Saved His Life

THE FACE was familiar, but Bill Eynon couldn't remember why.

Eynon, of Cincinnati, O., was sitting behind a typewriter at the Sheraton-Gibson hotel registering delegates to the 11th Annual CBI Reunion.

Standing before him was Howard Clager of Dayton, Ohio.

"I just knew I'd seen him somewhere before," said Eynon. Then he had an idea.

"Were you ever at Mohanbari, Assam?" he asked.

Clager nodded "yes."

"Then I remember," said Eynon, "but it had been a long time . . . 14 years."

Fourteen years ago on Jan. 10, 1944, a C-46 transport plane of the 304th Squadron, ATC, loaded with ammunition, crashed during a takeoff at Mohanbari. The pilot, co-pilot and radio man were killed instantly.

One other member of the crew was dragged from the flaming wreckage and saved. He was Clager, and the man who effected the rescue—Eynon.

The plane was taking off on a routine flight from Mohanbari to Kunming when one of the two engines cut out. The plane was only 200 feet off the ground when the power failed.

Clager, who was flight engineer on the plane, was standing behind the pilot during the take-off.

"It all happened so fast," Clager said, "that the next thing I knew I awoke in



FOURTEEN YEARS after an Assam plane crash, Howard Clager (left) and Bill Eynon meet again at Cincinnati. Photo by Dennis Loughman.

the hospital at Chabua, where I remained two months after the crash."

He learned later that the plane's right wing severed three trees before crashing in flames.

Eynon, who was a radio operator with ATC, was being driven in a jeep to his waiting plane when he saw the crash and resulting explosion and fire.

Rushing to the scene, Eynon entered the flaming fuselage and saw S/Sgt. Clager lying in the pilot's compartment doorway. He dragged him from the wreckage and the waiting jeep rushed him to the hospital. The other three members of the crew were killed instantly and their bodies nearly cremated in the burning debris.

Although Clager's jaw was shattered and his left leg badly cut, bruised and broken, today he has only a slight scar near his mouth as a memento of the crash.

Until the accident, Eynon had never seen Clager before and had not seen him since, until the CBI Reunion.

"It was his size that threw me off," said Eynon. Clager weighs 170. "The guy I remembered seemed to weigh about a ton!" THE END.

THE END.

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Many Contributions

Below is a list of those who have made contributions to the CBIVA furnishings fund. Their names along with those who still wish to make contributions will be framed and hung in the CBIVA offices. Contributions can be sent to P. O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

William R. Ziegler, Houma, La.
John Z. Dawson, Detroit, Mich.
Phil Packard, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robert E. Nesmith, Houston, Texas
Lester J. Dencker, Milwaukee, Wis.
William Hill, Thiensville, Wis.
R. W. Adams, Jefferson, Wis.
Joseph Nivert, Youngstown, Ohio
Bob R. Bolender, Normal, Ill.
Robert Fenn, Chicago, Ill.
Clarence R. Gordon, Denver, Colo.
Rev. Edward R. Glavin, Albany, N. Y.
Charles A. Mitchell, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Manly Keith, Houston, Texas
Henry Hertel, South Amana, Iowa
Leo Meranda, Milwaukee, Wis.
Eugene L. Horton, Forrest City, Ark.
William Leichsenring, Amana, Iowa
Eugene R. Brauer, Milwaukee, Wis.
Charles Messman, Houma, La.
Joseph Pohorsky, Milwaukee, Wis.
Richard Poppe, Loveland, Ohio
James Wyber, Washington, D. C.
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Mae Bissell, Oakland, Calif.
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James McWilliams, Muscatine, Iowa
Harold Kretchmar, St. Louis, Mo.
Howard Clager, Dayton, Ohio
Hazel Dean, Greensboro, N. C.
Dennis Loughman, Waynesburg, Pa.
Ben Cooper, Randolph AFB, Texas
William Moerk, Chicago, Ill.
William Martienssen, Detroit, Mich.
John Tomich, Summit, Ill.
Paul R. Edwards, Indianapolis, Ind.
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Mary Ellen Murray, St. Louis, Mo.
Charles E. Spahr, Cleveland, Ohio
Ray Juenger, Belleville, Ill.
Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, Iowa
The Milwaukee Basha
The Milwaukee Auxiliary Basha
The Detroit Basha
The St. Louis Basha
The Toledo Basha
The Chicago Basha
The Iowa Basha

Try This Recipe

LAST YEAR Roundup published several recipes from "Mary Sia's Chinese Cook-book." Many readers tried them and the consensus of opinion was "they were different."

In the past year we've had plenty of time to try more of these exotic dishes

and just last month a reader's wife asked for a good Chinese recipe to serve a special guest. This was our choice, and we believe you'll like it too:

Walnut Chicken

1 fryer (3 pounds)
1 cup walnuts
2 cups oil
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cubed bamboo shoots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cubed celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cubed onions
10 water chestnuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock or water
MIX: 1 tablespoon cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons sherry

Skin chicken and remove the meat from the bones. Cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes and marinate in mixture of cornstarch, salt, soy sauce and sherry. Blanch walnuts, remove skins, and deep fry. Remove and pour off oil. Soak mushrooms and clean (soak in warm water to cover until they expand. Wash well and remove stems and any foreign particles. Soak in second water until soft. Squeeze dry and cube.) Peel water chestnuts and cube. Heat pan, add 3 tablespoons oil, and saute vegetables 1 minute. Remove. Reheat pan, add 4 tablespoons oil, and saute chicken 2 minutes. Add vegetables and stock, mix well, and cook 2 minutes. Place on platter and garnish with fried walnuts. Serves 6.

A pound and a half of breast meat may be used instead of a whole chicken. A 4-ounce can of whole mushrooms may be substituted for dried mushrooms, and cashew nuts or blanched almonds may be used instead of walnuts.

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OVER THE HUMP



By JOHN S. GARRENTON

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THIS STORY is a chapter from "The Flying Chaplain," published by Vantage Press, New York, and is reprinted in EX-CBI Roundup by special permission. Chaplain (Lt. Col.) John S. Garrenton, the author, served as chaplain with the India-China Division of the Air Transport Command during 1942 and 1943. The book vividly describes unforgotten incidents burned into his memory.

Darkness—deep, dense, heavy darkness shrouded the valley. Here and there a light could be seen sending its yellowish ray dancing through the blackness of the night as men hurriedly went about their few remaining tasks before going off duty. In another two hours the darkness would begin to lift as the fingers of coming dawn pushed back night's curtain and ushered in a new day. The night crews would seek their rest while those on the day shift took over.

Making my way as quickly as I could through the darkness, I came to the mess hall, stepped through the door, and stood half-blinded by the sudden change of light. After blinking a few times, I could make out the four men seated at one end of a long table laughing and joking with each other, waiting for their breakfast. They were dressed in coveralls and leather flying jackets, with a canteen and automatic pistol hanging from the belt of each. Other groups of three and four were seated at the tables, each plane crew grouped together.

"Morning, men! How's everything this morning?" My remarks were addressed to no one in particular but to all those present.

"Hey, Chappie, going over with us today?" The sandy-haired, gray-eyed boy from Georgia grinned as he spoke.

"Say, now, I have a wife and two boys at home. Think I want to risk my neck with any of you two-bit throttle jockeys? Somebody has to go along to see that you get there, though. Guess it's up to me, so I'll have to go."

Sitting down beside Captain Winston, I continued joking back and forth with the men as we ate our scrambled eggs and fried potatoes, washing them down with strong, black, hot coffee.

A few minutes later we were all in the truck and rumbling along over the road toward the landing field. As the truck approached a small shack by the roadside, a cry suddenly rang out, not too loud but clear and commanding, "Halt! Who goes there?"

The truck came to a stop and the driver answered the challenge of the unseen sentry, "Officers of the post."

"Dismount and be recognized."

One of the officers, grumbling to himself, stepped down from the truck, advanced, and whispered into the sentry's ear.

"Pass," was the immediate reply and the truck moved on again.

Beside the landing strip the big cargo planes stood like black shadows in the darkness. As the truck drew abreast of each plane, it came to a stop and the plane's crew piled out and began busily preparing for the take-off.

In a few minutes our engines were running smoothly; and with only running lights burning, we sped down the runway and lifted into the darkness, climbing steadily toward the stars. Keeping her nose up, we climbed until the altimeter read fourteen thousand feet, then eased her off but continued a slow climb. Flying north toward that high pile of rock and dirt, the Himalayas, we must climb to the ceiling if we were to get over to the other side. It was the long way around, but it was the only way; for with the Japs in Burma and their strong air base at Myitkyina, we dared not fly straight east across Burma but must fly north, then east, then south to Lake Tali before turning east on the last leg of the flight to Kunming.

In the cabin of the plane all was dark, save for that eerie starlight which enabled me to feel, more than see, the drums of gasoline securely lashed in

place, each one filled with high-octane gas needed by our forces fighting the Japs on the China side of the Hump. I sat in the co-pilot's seat, dozing. The trip had ceased to be a novelty to me. I was vaguely aware that the horizon had begun to brighten and that soon it would be full day up there four miles above the earth.

Suddenly the voice of Captain Winston brought me straight up in the seat and wide awake. "Chappie, do you see what I see out there at two o'clock?"

I looked out across the towering peaks, ice-capped and reflecting the rays of the early morning sun. At first I could see nothing but the mountains; then, after a couple of minutes, I saw the plane, like some shadow against the peaks below, a little below our altitude and flying a course which would intercept us several miles ahead.

"Yes. I think I do. Looks like a Nip to me."

"I think you're right," he answered. "Let's get out of here."

Easing the stick forward, he shoved her nose down a little and headed for a cloud. Once in the cloud, we pulled the stick back hard and sent her nose up in a climb.

As we broke through on top once more, we eagerly searched the ridge on our left, looking for some place low enough for us to cross over to the other side. Perhaps another five hundred feet and we would be at the ceiling; even then the plane would be hanging on her props and just washing along. A low dip appeared ahead of us and we swung her nose toward it, at the same time pushing the throttles against the fireboard and holding the stick hard back. Suddenly Captain Winston swung her hard to the right, pushed her nose down level again and said, "She just won't do it!"

Another five minutes passed while we continued to search for a place to cross, at the same time keeping an eye out for the Jap plane. Then, across a low dip in the ridge, we slipped safely to the other side and looked down the broad valley stretching away toward the southeast, a shining silver ribbon of water winding its way between the mountain ranges on either side.

"There it is! We've made it again," said Captain Winston as we began our circle over Kunming.

Hardly had the plane come to a stop when a truck filled with coolies backed up to the door and began unloading the gas. In an unbelievable short time the singing, jabbering laughing group of natives had removed the cargo and were loading tungsten for our return trip.

In one end of the basha building which served as the operations office was a long, high table upon which was always a pot of steaming black coffee and sandwiches for the crews. A plane stayed on the ground here no longer than necessary, since Kunming was a favorite target for the Japs, and our crews never left the landing field unless forced to remain overnight on the China side of the Hump. With our crew and the crews of half a dozen other planes, I stood around, eating and drinking hot coffee. One after another the crews left the building, as they were told their planes were ready for the return trip while other crews came in from Assam.

Just as we finished our coffee and turned toward the door, the sergeant spoke to me. "Chaplain, do you have time to talk with one of our men? Corporal Danna received a letter from home yesterday and I think he needs some help. He's really spinning in."

"Of course, Sarge, I'll take time. Where will I find him?" Turning to Captain Winston I said, "Bob, I won't be going back with you this trip. One of our boys needs a little help. I'll grab a plane later this afternoon or tomorrow."

A few minutes later I sat beside the young lad who was lying on his bunk, dry-eyed and staring at the ceiling. Frequently convulsive sobs shook his frame, although no tears came.

"What's wrong, Corporal? Is there something I can do?"

Without an answer, he just lay there for a few moments, then slowly reached a letter toward me.

Accepting the letter, I opened it and began to read: "Dear Charles: I don't know how to write this. I wish I could wait until you came back home to tell you but I can't. Yesterday Mother left us. She was not feeling well yesterday morning and I called Dr. Wilson. We carried her to the hospital, but nothing they could do helped. We can be thankful that she didn't suffer; her going was almost like going to sleep. She just slipped away from us about four o'clock in the afternoon. Now just you and I are left . . . I will write you again after the funeral. We will hold the service in the First Church and . . . with all my love, your dad."

I reached out and caught his hand in mine.

"It is tough, Charles, but it is something each of us has to face."

Quickly he turned his face to the wall and began to weep, the deep sobs shaking him to the depths of his being.

I waited until he had quieted a little, knowing it would do him good to weep;

then, kneeling beside his bunk, I quietly prayed," Father, we thank Thee for the life of the loved one whom Thou hast called back to Thyself. We thank Thee for her faith, her love, and all that she has meant to those about her. Comfort Thou, we pray, those who feel deeply a loss in her going and keep them steadfast in their faith that in Thy own good pleasure they may with her rejoice in Thy presence forevermore. In our Saviour's name we ask it."

As I finished the prayer and stood up, he arose from his bunk, "Thanks, Chappie, I felt so alone until you came in. I'll be OK now. I know Mother is all right. She was a real Christian. It will be hard on Dad, and I hope it won't be too long before I can be there with him."

We walked together back to the operations building, he to go back to work, I to return on the next plane to Assam. I was anxious now to talk with the general about sending this lad home.

As I entered the door of the operations building, I almost knocked from his hand the cup of coffee Captain Manry was lifting to his mouth. "Hold it, Chappie, what's the hurry?"

"Say, Bill, but I am glad to see you. How soon are you going back?"

"I'm going as soon as we can get out of here," he answered.

"Want a deadhead this trip? I want to get back as soon as I can."

"Sure, Chappie, you know we are always glad to have you with us."

The clouds were getting thicker overhead as we climbed in to the plane. The wind was growing stronger and a threat of snow made us anxious to get upstairs before it could completely weather us in. The load of tungsten which we were to carry back with us was of so little bulk as to make the plane look almost empty, even though the weight was there.

As we climbed above the field, the clouds closed in and flakes of snow whirled past the windows. The clouds boiled around us like water in a kettle, whipped by the rushing wind. Up above the clouds the sun, reflecting on the peaks which towered to those heights, made them seem gold-plated. Below that cauldron of boiling clouds seemed to be getting more angry by the minute; while beneath them the ragged peaks and ridges spelled certain death to any who dared fly lower or were forced down upon them.

"Chappie, there won't be any Japs up here today. What say we head straight home instead of going around?"

"Suits me OK. We ought to get that wind a little on our tail if we head about

two-forty-five," I answered, "and we can't get there too soon."

The minutes ticked past while we sat up there, every nerve taut, the plane tossed in the wind like a cork in some turbulent lake—up and down, up and down—the wings waving as though saying goodby to us.

"Think we ought to go down and take a look around, Jake?" Captain Manry spoke to the co-pilot as he indicated the hole in the clouds out ahead. "We ought to be about thirty minutes out, don't you think?"

"Maybe. Can't get a check, and I don't know if this wind is seventy-five or a hundred. Hope we don't come down on some Jap peashooter."

Standing in the cockpit between the pilot and the co-pilot, I watched as Bill sent her nose down and eased back on the throttle. Down through that mass of boiling clouds, watching the altimeter with one eye and looking out ahead with the other, hoping to break out below the clouds before losing too much altitude, we slowly dropped.

Suddenly we were under them, and there below us was the one place we didn't want to be.

"Chappie, you better do some praying now," Bill said as he pulled the stick into his stomach and pushed the throttles forward for full power. "They may fill these clouds with rocks."

Up into the soup we climbed again, glad now that we had those clouds to hide us from the slant eyes of the Japs down there on their airbase at Myitkyina. We had our check, though, and knew we were only twenty minutes east of our own field.

It was almost dark down in the valley when the plane came to a stop in the dispersal area and the engines snorted and became silent. We stood there in the cabin a moment before we left the plane—the crew of three and I—and bowed our heads as we gave thanks for a safe flight once again. —THE END

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ENTRANCE to U. S. Army Soldier's Club at Karachi, India, in 1942. Photo by John R. Shrader.

Burmese Fund

• The American Legion's Education and Scholarship Committee's Handbook titled "Need a Lift?" carries information regarding a scholarship opportunity that would be available to a son or daughter of a veteran who served in Burma during World War II providing they meet the qualifications as described on page 51. During this past year we did not receive an application from any student who would qualify, and for that reason thought that your organization might bring this educational resource to the attention of potentially eligible students. You might also be interested in knowing that information which has reached us indicates that there were 2,797 American veterans who were actually killed or died of wounds in Burma. We also learned that 2,030 were actually killed in action. Based on a study which was made by the 5th Marine Division covering 7,000 casualties it seems to me that there should be a rather substantial number of potentially eligible students for this educational resource. Any assistance that you and your organization might give in bringing this

to the potentially eligible students' attention will be appreciated.

ED WIELAND,
Child Welfare Division
The American Legion
Indianapolis 6, Ind.

Indian Food

• Re the question in "CBI-er's Viewpoint," June issue, just where do you find Indian food in an American restaurant?

JAMES J. CLYDE,
Billings, Mont.

Writes From Burma

• Although I was in the CBI Theatre of War only to the extent of being a "civilian technical employee" for eight months in 1944, I feel a sense of comradeship with those who were out here as regular members of the armed forces, at Uncle Sam's arranging. And of course, being in the Burma sector of the CBI theatre at present, I find your magazine especially interesting in that I can compare things as they were "then", with what they are "now."

H. G. TEGENFELDT,
American Baptist Mission
Myitkyina, Burma

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MEMBERS of the 12th Air Service Group inspect a Japanese plane left on the airfield at Hankow, China, at war's end. Photo by Robert Bobzien.

Served at Warazup

• On the inside cover of the June issue there was a picture of the landing strip at Warazup. I was with the 1304th Eng. Cons. Bn., H. & S. Co., and our campsite was just across from the airstrip from August to November 1944. In reply to your "CBI'ers Viewpoint" question in June issue, we were sent home too soon after the war partly because those in control of the government had no definite plans in regard to China. Naturally, nearly every G.I. was wanting to come home as soon as the war ended, but a volunteer group should have been kept in China until conditions settled. They could have assisted the Chinese to occupy all of China and thus prevent the Chinese Reds from taking over.

ABRAHAM A. KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Warazup Airfield

• Boy, did the picture of Warazup airfield on Page 2 of the June issue bring back memories! I flew pipeline supplies there from Chabua many times in late 1944. I've landed and taken off from better strips, but I'll never forget Warazup. Shingbwiyang was a mean one, also.

LARRY W. HOGUE,
Harrisburg, Pa.

CBI War Advisers?

• The news on Red China's blasting of Quemoy today (Aug. 28) looks like Khrushchev's visit with Mao may result in a flare-up of fighting. If war comes to the China mainland, I wonder how many of our old CBI officers will be recalled as "advisers?"

WILLIAM I. KNUDTSEN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Iowa Basha Party

• The Carl F. Moerschel Basha of Iowa will hold its fall party, dinner and meeting at Treloar's Inn at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on Sunday, Oct. 12, starting at 2 p.m. This popular eating place is just north of Fort Dodge on Highway 169. This is an invitation for any CBI vets from southern Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska to come and be guests of the Iowa Basha. Please send your reservations to Max A. Hansen, 507 South 19th Street, Fort Dodge, so committee will know how many to plan dinner for. Plans for the 1960 National CBIVA Reunion to be held in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will be discussed.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa



MESSAGE CENTER in the signal building near New Delhi, India, in December 1944. U. S. Army photo.



JAPANESE PLANE under heavy guard on the airfield at Chihkiang, China, brought generals of the defeated Japanese forces to surrender to the Chinese. U. S. Army photo.

Red Cross People

• Was glad to read John Monette's letter in the July issue, telling about Flora Coutts who was with the Red Cross at "Duration Den" in New Delhi. I can appreciate Monette's words that she is a natural-born leader and organizer. She did a marvelous job in India, and I'm sure at Kunming later. But how many fellows still remember the good Red Cross people who did so much for us in CBI?

HUGH W. MASTERS,
Johnstown, Pa.

John Hart Dead

• A notice in the evening paper tells of the passing of John A. Hart, 42, who served with "the Hump pilots" in India during the war.

KENNETH HOUGH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Asansol or Karachi?

• Was interested in the picture of the Mobilgas tanker, driven by bulls, in the May issue. The caption states it was in Asansol, but I saw it in Karachi. Perhaps it was not the same one.

EARL FARTHINGTON,
Mobile, Ala.

Shoot the Breeze

• Having served in the CBI during World War II in the 706th E.P.D. Co. and the 1779th Engr. Parts Supply Platoon, I would be happy to hear from any comrades who may know me, or anyone else who wishes to shoot the breeze about that part of the world.

LEONARD J. QUILLIN,
U. S. Soldiers Home
Washington 25, D. C.

Bengal Railway Stations

• Re page 17, July issue, the editor asks which is first, Amingaon or Pandu? Got out my Bengal & Assam RR map and here it is official: Going north-east from Parbatipur (property poor, as the GI's used to call it) or from Santahar, Amingaon is first, then cross the river to Pandu Junction. Do any of these station names sound familiar? Lumding, Manipur Road, and finally Tinsukia Junction, generally anywhere from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Wm. R. ZIEGLER,
Houma, La.



HUGE TANK for storage of 12,000 gallons of gasoline, shipped from Hengyang to Liuchow, was left on the flat car during the evacuation of East China. Note how refugees have found a temporary home under the tank. Photo by Robert Bobzien.

Book Reviews



Edited by BOYD SINCLAIR

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP. By Gregory Boyington. 384 pages. G. P. Putnam's Son, New York, 1958. \$4.50.

"Pappy" Boyington, who was a Flying Tiger before he got the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Marines, writes his autobiography. Colonel Boyington says, "Just name a hero and I'll prove he's a bum." Vivid, with good style.

THE MISSION. By Dean Brelis. 180 pages. Random House, New York, 1958. \$3.50.

Novel of an Office of Strategic Services man who drops behind Jap lines in Burma to organize and train the Kachins, which you will recall was part of "our war." The author is a former Time-Life correspondent in Asia.

SUN IN THE HUNTER'S EYES. By Mark Derby. 256 pages. The Viking Press, New York, 1958. \$3.

A novel of intrigue and danger in Indonesia by a skillful craftsman of the suspense-type story in which an English playwright searches for a missing cousin who has inherited a family fortune.

THE KNIGHTS OF BUSHIDO. By Lord Russell of Liverpool. 348 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1958. \$5.

A truly horrifying account of Japanese atrocities committed against prisoners of war and civilians in World War II. This compilation was made from evidence and documents at war-crimes trials and from affidavits and statements of witnesses.

ONLY AKIKO. By Duncan Thorp. 235 pages. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1958. \$3.75.

Another "poor butterfly" plot of post-war Japan, the romantic story of an American GI and a Japanese girl in occupied Yokohama. While fleeing authorities, Akiko and Hank find love and courage to make them face the world honestly.

OKINAWAN VENTURE. By Robert T. Frost. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, 1958. \$1.95.

Although he is very much in love with his wife, it says here, Lieutenant Richard Walker becomes deeply involved with Kimiko, a beautiful Japanese girl on Okinawa. Fellows like this one require frequent rotation.

CHINA DOLL. By Edgar J. Bracco. 158 pages. Berkley Publishing Corporation, New York, 1958. 35c.

There seems to be a spate of novels about Americans going for Oriental dames. This time a fly-boy gets up in the air about a Chinese girl. There's a movie about it starring Victor Mature. Paper-binding, pocket-size.

BORNEO PEOPLE. By Malcolm MacDonald. 430 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1958. \$6.50.

This account of the people of British Borneo is by the man who was governor general of the area from 1946 to 1949. Having lived in Southeast Asia since World War II, he speaks with authority on conditions and problems in Borneo.

VILLAGE LIFE IN NORTHERN INDIA. By Oscar Lewis and Victor Barnouw. 397 pages. University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1958. \$7.50.

Sociological study of a Delhi village, Rampur, and the customs of its 1,095 inhabitants, particularly the dominant caste. The effect of the caste system on the villagers is discussed. Also the marriage cycle and other mores.

THE DARK DANCER. By Balachandra Rajan. 308 pages. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

Novel wherein Krishnan, Cambridge-educated and Western-oriented, returns after a ten-year absence to India, his native land, and an arranged marriage. In the midst of political upheaval, he struggles against old traditions.

MAJOR GOVERNMENTS OF ASIA. Edited by George Kabin. 616 pages. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, 1958. \$7.25.

The work of five authorities, this is the first study in comparative government devoted to the major states of Asia—Japan, India, Pakistan, China, and Indonesia. The focus of this book is on the contemporary scene.

THE INFLATIONARY SPIRAL. By Chang Kiangau. 411 pages. Wiley and Technology Press, New York, 1958. \$10.

The experience with inflation in China from 1939 to 1950, with historical background on China's money problems. The author, a cabinet minister in the Nationalist government, analyzes the runaway war and postwar inflation.

GAMES OF THE ORIENT. By Stewart Culin. 213 pages. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, 1958. \$3.75.

Descriptions of and information about nearly a hundred games of Korea, China, and Japan. The book has more than 25 full-page plates and 135 line drawings. This book was originally published in 1895 by the University of Pennsylvania.

CBI-er's

Viewpoint

This month's question:

What is the most unusual sight you recall from your service in the CBI Theater during World War II?

WAYNE ANDERSON, Omaha, Neb.—I'll never forget the officer in China who bothered the coolies carrying "honey buckets" by coming as close to them as possible with his jeep. Most unusual sight was this same officer after he had struck one of the buckets with the fender of his jeep. Contents of the bucket went over the windshield into his face!

MAVIS A. SYMES, Casa Grande, Ariz.—"To pinpoint the most unusual thing I saw in India is a big order. There were so many unusual sights. But I believe the first thing I saw that seemed to be very unusual, and a bit morbid, was the throwing of bodies of small children into the Jumna River behind the Taj Mahal at Agra. With appropriate ceremony, the bodies are placed in the river by Hindus, to be devoured by giant hungry turtles. A ghastly sight to see, and certainly most unusual."

ROBERT F. HENNESSY, Laguna Beach, Calif.—"One day, while strolling along a sidestreet off Chowinghee Road in Calcutta, I saw a ragged woman with a small basket in her arms following a herd of about eight water buffalo. Each time a buffalo emptied its bowels onto the pavement, the woman would scoop it up and place it in the basket. When full, she left the scene, apparently to plaster the dung on the walls of her hut for later use as fire fuel."

JOHN W. SPERL, Buffalo, N. Y.—The most unusual sight I can recall is watching the fire bombs I helped hang on P-40's fall on the enemy at Myitkyina in the summer of 1944 while in the 88th Fighter Squadron.

WILLIAM H. BAUGHMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.—For my money nothing quite compared with an incident at Liangshan, China, when we were moving Chinese troops by air to the fighting front at Chikiang. Occupants of one plane apparently decided they didn't want to fight, so they started jumping out as the pilot moved down the runway. They were

still jumping after the plane was airborne, and a number of them were killed. We were told that those who survived the jump were shot for desertion.

JAMES P. THIERS, Crandon, Wis.—"I found an extreme to the unusual in India while watching a band of radical Hindus torture themselves by ramming hooks through their flesh, burning designs on foreheads, arms and chests, and stringing themselves up painfully by fingers and arms for long periods of time."

DANIEL B. HYNES, Taos, N. M.—"At Chabua, Assam, I saw one sight I will never forget. Proof that kids mature rapidly in India. About 40 coolies were working on a construction project, primitively levelling an area with small shovels and woven baskets. In charge of the men was an 11-year-old boy who oversaw the workmen with a keen eye, shouting orders and supervising in a manner that belied his young age. I found he was a foreman by virtue of his being born to a Brahman, the highest caste. And I will say, after watching him for quite some time, that he handled his job admirably, and his wages were four times those of the coolies."

WALTER FLINT, Ogden, Utah—"Any-one who was adventuresome enough to visit off-the-beaten-path villages in India, often with only trails leading to them, was surely startled to see the natives living in the most backward fashion, with possibly the entire wealth of a village of 500 people being only a few dollars. Yet, invariably, within the village would be a beautiful mosque or temple that would be valued at many thousands of dollars by our standards."

JOHN C. CARNEY, New Orleans, La.—I'd heard about "snake wine" and "cat wine," and thought nothing of it. But I almost flipped the first time I walked into a Chinese wine shop and saw the different kinds of wine in big glass jars—there was the body of a cat floating in one jar and a snake in another!

HARRY H. JACKMAN, Des Moines, Iowa—Most unusual sight I saw in China was thousands of people building huge airfields by hand.

Next month's question:

At the time you were in India or China, suppose you were assigned the task of improving conditions for the population. What would be your first act?

Send your reply to the above question to the editors for inclusion in next issue.



Commander's

Message

by

Robert W. Doucette

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahebs:

Another year has passed during which CBI-VA has advanced to greater heights, greater membership than ever before, bigger convention plans than ever before, and with a closer friendship among all the members of CBI-VA. With this record during the past year to look back on, I can't help but feel honored that the members of the CBI-VA chose me as their new National Commander.

It is with the sincerest pride that I look back on the years from our first National Commander Les Dencker to our new past Commander John Dawson and see the advancement that has been made in our organization. The organization has bound itself together and as a result we can point with pride to the record made by our organization. We have made friends in every town we have visited as reunion sites and we surely have made lasting friendships with other members of the CBI-VA who have attended these reunions. With no politics or over-zealous promotional gimmicks, our organization has really become a big family of which we can all be proud.

To John Dawson and his entire staff, my thanks for a wonderful past year. To Bill Eynon and his convention committee my thanks and the thanks of all CBI-ers for a wonderful National Convention in Cincinnati. Everyone enjoyed every affair and it will be remembered as one of the best CBI Reunions.

The members present at the National Reunion in Cincinnati presented me with a slate of officers who will make my office of National Commander very enjoyable. It is my intention during the coming year to make every national officer responsible for some activity that he can report on at the next national convention.

I think we are fortunate in having a Senior Vice Commander and four Junior Commanders who are a credit to the entire organization. I hope to make arrangements so that I can visit every Basha in our great organization but I also intend to have the Senior Vice Com-

mander and the Junior Vice Commanders be present at any function of the various Bashas at which the various Bashas desire national representation.

For the conveniences of various members of the CBI-VA, your Senior Vice Commander and Junior Vice Commanders are as follows:

Senior Vice Commander

Harold H. Ketchmar, 2625 Arthur Avenue, Maplewood 17, Missouri.

Junior Vice Commanders

EAST—Haldor Reinholt, 6803 North Broad Street, Philadelphia 26, Pennsylvania.

WEST—William Leichsenring, Amana, Iowa.

NORTH—R. W. Adams, Wisconsin Hotel, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

SOUTH—Manly V. Keith, 4143 Wynona Street, Houston 17, Texas.

We are planning an executive board meeting in Philadelphia during the month of November and at that time suggestions from the members will be discussed and plans for the future will be formulated.

To every veteran who has served in the CBI, may I urge you to join our National Organization and a local Basha if there is one located near you. Believe me, this is the only organization that gives so much for so little.

If you will drop a line to Gene Brauer, 4005 North 138th Street, Brookfield, Wisconsin, he will be glad to forward to you a National Membership Form.

To those of you who plan on attending our National Convention next year, it will be held at Philadelphia. The rosters of most of the organization which served at the CBI showed that a great majority of the CBI personnel were from the eastern states. We have high hopes of making the Philadelphia convention the biggest and best in the history of CBI-VA. We know we can accomplish this aim only through the co-operation of all former CBI-ers. The Philadelphia Basha promises many surprises together with an all-out effort to make the Philadelphia Convention another CBI Convention to be long remembered.

Sincerely,
Robert W. Doucette
National Commander

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP



CHINESE AIRMEN of the Chinese American Composite Wing repair a plane on the base at Peishiyi, China. U. S. Army photo.

Traffic Control

- Would like to hear from anyone connected with Airways Traffic Control (Air Transport Command) stationed at Jorhat, in the Assam valley or Kirmitolia from October 1944 to September 1945. Also, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank a certain Captain Wilson for his judgment and skill during a flight to Luliang in January 1945. A lot of airplanes were lost that night.

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Bandsmen Wanted

- My CBI outfit was the 547th AAF Band (Bengal Air Depot, Central India Air Depot, Malir and Calcutta Base Section). I would appreciate hearing from members of that outfit or any other CBI bandsmen.
HENRY R. UHLAND, CWO
511th Air Force Band
Edwards AFB, Calif.

Sari Pictures

- Not long ago I was asked how Indian girls wrap those beautiful saris. The pictures in the July issue are wonderful and tell the story very well.

Mrs. HENRY SELDER,
Chicago, Ill.

Barrackpore Air Base

• Now you've gone and disillusioned me! On page 17 of July issue is a photo of the tent area at Barrackpore, India. The few times I stopped there I saw no tents and, as a matter of fact, thought it one of the neatest air bases in India.

MARVIN I. ROSE
Trenton, N. J.

52nd Service Group

- Was with the 86th Air Service Squadron, 52nd Air Service Group. Enjoy the magazine very much and read it thoroughly each month.

RICHARD S. JACOBS,
New Holland, Pa.

Trip to Europe

- The oldest lieutenant in the Air Force (me—commissioned in 1943 at age of 41) just retired from the State of California after 22 years as an auditor. Am taking a trip to Europe and on my return will probably spend a lot of time on amateur sports. Recently received a life membership in the AAU. Ex-special service wallah—Sookerating, Lochinpur Province, Assam, Pakistan.

FRANK S. DEMPSEY,
San Francisco, Calif.

Visitors Welcome

- Any ex-CBI'er going through Lowville on Rte. 12 or 12D will find me at my diner, Lloyd's of Lowville. Would like to hash over experiences.

LLOYD N. RASMUSSEN,
Lowville, N. Y.

Served With Stilwell

- Was medical liaison officer at General Stilwell's Headquarters in CBI; Camp Ramgarh 1942-1944, Ledo Road 1945. At present am physician in charge, Anaconda Clinic & Hospital, Anaconda Co. (N. M. operations)

DR. BASIL L. WANG,
Grants, N. M.

New Assignment

- The new director of operations for the 802nd Air Division at Schilling AFB, Kans., is Col. Charles D. Jantzen, a World War II B-25 pilot who flew for Lt. Gen. Claire L. Chennault and the 14th Air Force in China from 1942 to 1944.

CHARLES D. BAKER,
Kansas City, Mo.

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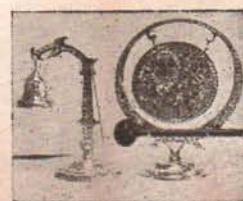
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